Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXV., No. 13. MONTREAL, MARCH 30, 1900. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Pa

AUBERT GALLION QUE
Mrs W M Poker
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Burke the Burglar and Moody.

Prof. H. M. Hamill, D.D., relates the following in the 'Upworth Herald':

Valentine Burke was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with kit and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar and none of your cheap amateurs. He had a courage born of many desperate 'jobs.' Twenty years of his life Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing especially at sheriffs, and jailers, who were his natural-born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, you will say, or this story could hardly have happened. I for one have yet to find the man who is wholly gone to the bad, anl is beyond the reach of man or God. If you have, skip this story for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told it to me in October, up in Brattleboro, Vt. And now that dear Moody is dead and has spent his first Christmas in Heaven I remember how the big tears fell from his eyes as he told it, and I am thinking how happy he and Burke are, talking it over together up there, where Burke has been waiting for him these long years.

It was twenty-five years or more ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in his ministry. He came down to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the 'Globe-Democrat' announced that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he 'would weave in a lot of Scripture for the 'Globe-Democrat' to print, and that might count, if his own poor words should fail.' He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were sprinkled with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the guards or damning the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a 'Globe-Democrat' into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: 'How the jailer at Philippi got caught.' It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

'Philippi!' he said, 'that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town.'

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. 'What rot is this?' asked Burke. 'Paul and Silas—a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the 'Globe-Democrat' got to printing such stuff?' He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By-and-by he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It was then that a something, from whence he did not then know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. 'What does it mean?' he began asking. 'Twenty years and more I've been burglar and jail-bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out if it kills me to do it.' He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned too that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning when the guard came round Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon.

'Jim,' said the sheriff to the guard, 'you better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here.' In a few weeks Burke came to trial; but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released. Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away.

But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Moody told how the poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer, 'if He wouldn't make him a better-looking man, so that he could get an honest job.' You will smile at this, I know, but something or somebody really answered the prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago he was as fine a looking man as he knew. I cannot help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him, in answer to his child-like faith. Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping far from his old haunts to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and, after six months came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court-house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

'Some old case they've got against me,' he said; 'but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying.'

The sheriff greeted him kindly.

'Where have you been, Burke?

'In New York.'

A RECENT SCENE OUTSIDE THE WAR OFFICE IN LONDON.

'What have you been doing there?'

'Trying to find a decent job,' said Burke.

'Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?' inquired the sheriff.

'Yes,' answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. 'I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion.'

It was then the tide began to turn.

'Burke,' said the sheriff, 'I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once.'

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk to him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the court-house serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of the gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were $60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

'Moody,' he said, 'see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it.'

Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see. Years afterward the churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting, but something happened and he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meetings for them. Burke led night after night, and many hard men of the city came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living. There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle and faithful life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners, came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness when the name of the burglar is recalled. And now Moody and Burke are met, no more to be separated. When I was a boy, an old black 'mammy' that I greatly loved used to sing for me a song with words like these:

'Through all depths of sin and loss,
Sinks the plummet of Thy cross.'

Letters from the Front.

(By one lately a scholar in Haslemere Sunday-school, now with Lord Methuen's force at Modder River, and who was engaged in the terrible battle at Magersfontein.)

'My Dear Father,—By the mercy of God I am spared to write a few lines to you, which I hope will find you well. I am pleased to say I am well myself, but, dear father, I never expected to be alive now; but it's God's will that he has spared me to come out of the battle alive and not hurt. I was lying down and dared not move for bullets and shells bursting around me. I saw my comrades cut down, killed and wounded, and me spared to come out untouched. I thought of the tender mercy of God towards me, a sinner, and yet he spared me. After it was over, I had to fall down and thank the Lord for his mercy. I never thought of it before, not till the time I was in danger, when I thought it was too late; but the Lord was good, and brought a wretch like me safe out of the hand of the enemy. The first chance I got, I took a Bible that I carried with me, and there I saw a verse, as I opened it, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being." I never felt so full as I have since. I have asked the Lord to lead me the way that He wants me to go, and, dear father, since then I have thought of the last words you said to me, your prayers for me every night, and the Lord has answered them. When I was lying in the jaws of death, I thought of my past days, I could see all my faults, and I said, "The Lord can never spare me as I am," and then I thought of the words, "If God is for us, who can be against us?" Dear father, I hope this has taught me a lesson. I feel at times I should like to go away and hide myself where I could not see anyone. I am glad the Lord has not struck me down in the midst of my sins, like I have seen young men falling at my side in the prime of life. It was a dreadful day. We lost 1,060 killed and wounded, and the Boer lost nearly 5,000. I never want to see a sight like it again—never in my life. If that would not make anyone think of their souls, I do not know what would. I hope the Lord has something for me to do, and I hope to make better use of my days to come (if I am spared to get out of this) than I have done before. Dear father, I cannot tell you quarter of the sights I saw; it was dreadful! poor fellows' hands, arms, and legs shot to pieces. A person has no idea of war if they have not been in it. We had three hours' sleep out of forty-eight, and then it was hardly safe to lie down. I did not have a chance to wash or pull off any clothes for three days and four nights, and sweating, with the heat of the sun and sand-storms, you can guess how we felt; but never mind, we must not grumble at that, we must be thankful to our Lord and Maker for bringing us through the danger. I hope I shall be like David, and sing praises to him as long as I live. I must close now, dear father and God be with you and all of us, and hoping to meet again, I remain, your loving son, Ben. 12th Lancers, South African Field Force, South Africa. Modder River, Dec. 14, 1899.'—'Christian Herald.'

Relieving the Famine in India

(By Rev. James Smith, in 'Congregationalist,' missionary of the American Board.)

The present famine is the most widespread of the century. Although the most gigantic efforts are being made by the British Government, it will be impossible to relieve more than a tithe of the distress. The famine affects many of the large native states where the organization for relief is imperfect and where inefficiency is the rule in the ordinary administration of affairs, and therefore in a crisis like the present utterly fails.

There are millions who will suffer and die of hunger rather than ask for relief. It is not because they are used to it, rather because they are used to better things in better days. There are thousands of families in India now living on the most meager income who, a few years ago, were connected with a princely house. They have in the vicissitudes of the times 'lost all but honor.' 'They cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed.'

I distributed thousands of dollars during the famine of 1896-97, and should like to bring some of my readers into the scenes that I daily visited then. In British territory charity was organized and responsibility was sub-divided. The missionaries were invited by government to choose their field, and if they wished funds were put at their disposal. One of my departments was the relief of the 'weaver caste.' They numbered some 5,000 in the city of Ahmednagar, but half of them had fled from the plague or wandered away in search of employment elsewhere where the famine was not so sore. Among the rest there were many who had something to fall back upon. These were eliminated and work was offered to every remaining weaver who was only a journeyman and did not operate his own loom. A list of these was easily obtained from the managers of the ordinary weaving factories. In all 111 looms were set a-going, employing 550 hands, counting the women and children who labored in some capacity, and nearly 2,000 who were supported, including the helpless dependents, children, etc.

There remained to be provided for the families of sick men, orphans, those too old to work, probably 600 more. How were these reached? Come and see! Here is an idle loom to-day. Where is Ganesh, the operative? No one knows. Let us go to his house. He is at home sitting by the side of a sick wife. There has been no breakfast to-day yet. The children are crying for food, the mother dying. The father is dazed. He has no money, no clothes, no furniture. It is winter, and the nights are cold. The neighbors are all at work from daylight till dark, earning enough to keep soul and body together, so they cannot be expected to know that anything is wrong here. Here is a case for gratuitous relief.

As you pass along the street you see a group about a door and see a policeman breaking into a house. Let us stop and see what is the matter. It turns out that the parents put their children to bed last night and then locked the door and left in search of something to eat. The children woke up in the morning and, finding no one in the house, began to cry. Their cries roused the attention of passers-by. A year passed by before those parents returned.

Another weaver is missing from his loom. He is a new hand, and was much emaciated from the start. His brother explains that he has not been well since the 'hard times' began. His family is large, and he has not been able to get anything to eat some days, and as he never was strong he is failing. When we visited him he says that he is 'all right,' and 'will be at work to-morrow.' Still we leave a rupee and tell his family that is four days' pay and if he is not better then we will give him some more. After two days we call again and find him dead. Was it starvation? Undoubtedly, and slow starvation at that. His brother hands us a half rupee with the explanation that he only lived two days so half the money is left! Do not think this is an exceptional case of honesty. At least 10,000 rupees were doled out in driblets of a quarter of a rupee each, and I can only recall two instances of dishonesty in spite of the terrible temptation to which they were always exposed.

Here is a young woman with a baby less than a year old. Some people are digging a well, and she has asked the foreman to put her on the work. She, too, is a 'weaver,' hence in our care. She is as thin as a shadow and has had 'nothing to eat for three days.' This is a common enough experience in famine times, and her looks confirm her words. We gave her work—carrying earth and stones for the new well. In a few days she looks like another woman and the baby greets us with 'da,' which is baby for 'salaam,' and the mother is proud of the notice taken of her child. Like a score of other women in my care, her husband deserted her at the beginning of the famine, and she had to take care of herself and her child.

These famines are testing times. They bring to light unsuspected qualities, both good and evil. Where selfishness prevails, it is stimulated and promoted till the human is lost in the brute, but where the Spirit of Christ rules it ripens and enlarges it.

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXT IN NUMBERS.

April 1., Sun.—Tht Lord bless thee and keep thee.

April 2., Mon.—The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

April 3.,Tues.—The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

April 4., Wed.—Come thou with us and we will do thee good.

April 5., Thurs.—The Lord went before them.

April 6., Fri.—When the people complained it displeased the Lord.

April 7., Sat.—The Lord is long suffering and of great mercy.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

An hour later Nixon brought Father Goulet. He was a little Frenchman with gentle manners and the face of a saint. Craig welcomed him warmly, and told him what he had done.

'That is good, my brother,' he said, with gentle courtesy, and, turning to the mother, 'your little one is safe.'

Behind Father Goulet came Nixon softly, and gazed down upon the little quiet face, beautiful with the magic of death. Slavin came quietly and stood beside him. Nixon turned and offered his hand. But Slavin said, moving slowly back—

'I did ye a wrong, Nixon, an' it's a sorry man I am this day for it.'

'Don't say a word, Slavin,' answered Nixon, hurriedly. 'I know how you feel. I've got a baby too. I want to see it again. That's why the break hurt me so.'

'As God's above,' replied Slavin earnestly, 'I'll hinder ye no more.' They shook hands, and we passed out.

We laid the baby under the pines, not far from Billy Breen, and the sweet spring wind blew through the Gap, and came softly down the valley, whispering to the pines and the grass and the hiding flowers of the New Life coming to the world. And the mother must have heard the whisper in her heart, for, as the priest was saying the words of the service, she stood with Mrs. Mavor's arms about her, and her eyes were looking far away beyond the purple mountain-tops, seeing what made her smile. And Slavin, too, looked different. His very features seemed finer. The coarseness was gone out of his face. What had come to him I could not tell.

But when the doctor came into Slavin's house that night it was the old Slavin I saw, but with a look of such deadly fury on his face that I tried to get the doctor out at once. But he was half drunk and after his manner was hideously humorous.

'How do, ladies! How do, gentleman!' was his loud-voiced salutation. 'Quite a professional gathering, clergy predominating. Lion and Lamb too, ha! ha! which is the lamb, eh? ha! ha! very good! awfully sorry to hear of your loss, Mrs. Slavin; did our best you know, can't help this sort of thing.'

Before any one could move, Craig was at his side, and saying in a clear, firm voice, 'One moment, doctor,' caught him by the arm and had him out of the room before he knew it. Slavin, who had been crouching in his chair with hands twitching and eyes glaring, rose and followed, still crouching as he walked. I hurried after him, calling him back. Turning at my voice, the doctor saw Slavin approaching. There was something so terrifying in his swift noiseless crouching motion, that the doctor, crying out in fear 'Keep him off,' fairly turned and fled. He was too late. Like a tiger Slavin leaped upon him and without waiting to strike, had him by the throat with both hands, and bearing him to the ground, worried him there as a dog might a cat.

Immediately Craig and I were upon him, but though we lifted him clear off the ground we could not loosen that two-handed strangling grip. As we were struggling there a light hand touched my shoulder. It was Father Goulet.

'Please let him go, and stand away from us,' he said, waving us back. We obeyed. He leaned over Slavin and spoke a few words to him. Slavin started as if struck a heavy blow, looked up at the priest with fear in his face, but still keeping his grip.

'Let him go,' said the priest. Slavin hesitated. 'Let him go! quick!' said the priest again, and Slavin with a snarl let go his hold and stood sullenly facing the priest.

Father Goulet regarded him steadily for some seconds and then asked—

'What would you do?' His voice was gentle enough, even sweet, but there was something in it that chilled my marrow. 'What would you do?' he repeated.

'He murdered my child,' growled Slavin.

'Ah! how?'

'He was drunk and poisoned him.'

'Ah! who gave him drink? Who made him a drunkard two years ago? Who has wrecked his life?'

There was no answer, and the even-toned voice went relentlessly on—

'Who is the murderer of your child now?'

Slavin groaned and shuddered.

'Go!' and the voice grew stern. 'Repent of your sin and add not another.'

Slavin turned his eyes upon the motionless figure on the ground and then upon the priest. Father Goulet took one step towards him, and, stretching out his hand and pointing with his finger, said—

'Go!'

And Slavin slowly backed away and went into his house. It was an extraordinary scene, and it is often with me now; the dark figure on the ground, the slight erect form of the priest with outstretched arm and finger, and Slavin backing away, fear and fury struggling in his face.

It was a near thing for the doctor, however, and two minutes more of that grip would have done for him. As it was, we had the greatest difficulty in reviving him.

What the priest did with Slavin after getting him inside I know not; that has always been a mystery to me. But when we were passing the saloon that night after taking Mrs. Mavor home, we saw a light and heard strange sounds within. Entering, we found another whiskey raid in progress, Slavin himself being the raider. We stood some moments watching him knocking in the heads of casks and emptying bottles. I thought he had gone mad, and approached him cautiously.

'Hello, Slavin!' I called out; 'what does this mean?'

He paused in his strange work, and I saw that his face, though resolute, was quiet enough.

'It means I'm done wid the business, I am,' he said, in a determined voice. 'I'll help no more to kill any man, or,' in a lower tone, 'any man's baby.' The priest's words had struck home.

'Thank God, Slavin!' said Craig, offering his hand; 'you are much too good a man for the business.'

'Good or bad, I'm done wid it,' he replied, going on with his work.

'You are throwing away good money, Slavin,' I said, as the head of a cask crashed in.

'It's meself that knows it, for the price of whiskey has riz in town this week,' he answered, giving me a look out of the corner of his eye. 'Bedad! it was a rare clever job,' referring to our Black Rock Hotel affair.

'But won't you be sorry for this?' asked Craig.

'Belolke I will; an' that's why I'm doin' it before I'm sorry for it,' he replied, with a delightful bull.

'Look here, Slavin,' said Craig earnestly; 'if I can be of use to you in any way, count on me.'

'It's good to me the both of yez have been, an' I'll not forget it to yez,' he replied, with like earnestness.

As we told Mrs. Mavor that night, for Craig thought it too good to keep, her eyes seemed to grow deeper and the light in them to glow more intense as she listened to Craig pouring out his tale. Then she gave him her hand and said—

'You have your man at last.'

'What man?'

'The man you have been waiting for.'

'Slavin!'

'Why not?'

'I never thought of it.'

'No more did he, nor any of us.' Then, after a pause, she added gently, 'He has been sent to us.'

'Do you know, I believe you are right,' Craig said slowly, and then added, 'But you always are.'

'I fear not,' she answered; but I thought she liked to hear his words.

The whole town was astounded next morning when Slavin went to work in the mines, and its astonishment only deepened as the days went on, and he stuck to his work. Before three weeks had gone the League had bought and remodelled the saloon and had secured Slavin as Resident Manager.

The evening of the re-opening of Slavin's saloon, as it was still called, was long remembered in Black Rock. It was the occasion of the first appearance of 'The League Minstrel and Dramatic Troupe,' in what was described as a 'hair-lifting tragedy with appropriate musical selections.' Then there was a grand supper and speeches and great enthusiasm, which reached its climax when Nixon rose to propose the toast of the evening—'Our Saloon.' His speech was simply a quiet, manly account of his long struggle with the deadly enemy. When he came to speak of his recent defeat he said—

'And while I am blaming no one but myself, I am glad to-night that this saloon is on our side, for my own sake and for the sake of those who have been waiting long to see me. But before I sit down I want to say that while I live I shall not forget that I owe my life to the man that took me that night to his own shack and put me in his own bed, and met me next morning with an open hand; for I tell you I had sworn to God that that morning would be my last.'

Geordie's speech was characteristic. After a brief reference to the 'mysteerious ways o' Providence,' which he acknowledged he might sometimes fail to understand, he went on to express his unqualified approval of the new saloon.

'It's a cosy place, an' there's nae sulphur aboot. Besides a' that,' he went on enthusiastically, 'it'll be a terrible savin'. I've juist been coontin'.'

'You bet!' ejaculated a voice with great emphasis.

'I've juist been coontin',' went on Geordie, ignoring the remark and the laugh which followed, 'an' it's an awfu'-like money ye pit ower wi' the whuskey. Ye see ye canna dae wi' ane bit glass; ye maun hae twa or three at the verra least, for it's no verra forrit ye get wi' ane glass. But wi' yon coffee ye juist get 'a saxpence-worth an' ye want nae mair.'

There was another shout of laughter, which puzzled Geordie much.

'I dinna see the jowk, but I've slippit ower in whuskey-mair nor a hunner dollars.'

Then he paused, looking hard before him, and twisting his face into extraordinary shapes till the men looked at him in wonder.

'I'm rale glad o' this saloon, but it's ower late for the lad that canna be helpit the noo. He'll not be needin' help o' oors, I doot, but there are ithers'—and he stopped abruptly and sat down, with no applause following.

But when Slavin, our saloon-keeper, rose to reply, the men jumped up on the seats and yelled till they could yell no more. Slavin stood, evidently in trouble with himself, and finally broke out—

'It's spacheless I am entirely. What's come to me I know not, nor how it's come. But I'll do my best for yez.' And then the yelling broke out again,

I did not yell myself. I was too busy watching the varying lights in Mrs. Mavor's eyes as she looked from Craig to the yelling men on the benches and tables, and then to Slavin, and I found myself wondering if she knew what it was that came to Slavin.

(To be Continued.)

An Uncomfortable Journey.

'Regions Beyond' gives an account of the starting of mission work in Cuzco, Peru, in which Mrs. Jarrett, one of the missionaries, gives a glimpse of the roadside experiences: 'We had only a short time in which to pack up and be off; and it is such a business to take two children (one not six weeks old) on a long and tedious journey like this. We had three whole days in a train, three in a waggon, and two on horseback; so altogether it was rather an undertaking. There will soon be a carriage road from Sicuani to Cuzco, thus saving the ride on horseback. At present the waggons only run half-way, and are not for passengers, but we obtained one by special permission. They have no springs, so you may guess how we jolted along the road. We were pretty tired at the end of our first day's journey in this fashion, but found to our dismay that there was not a single place where we could put up for the night. However, at last a man lent us a room which was nearly filled with horses' fodder. Some of it was cleared out, and the ten of us (including children) made ourselves as comfortable as we could. While at prayers, before retiring to rest, a frog jumped on to Jack's head, and he knocked it off so promptly that it alighted on Mrs. Newell! We slept on a raised mud ledge that ran round the room, with Mr. Peters on a heap of fodder in the middle! Presently it began to rain, and our attention was drawn to the ceiling, which was covered with holes. It was eight o'clock when we lay down, and two hours later we were awakened by a tremendous knocking at the door. It was a mule wanting to pass the night with us!' 'Next day we went on again, to Cusipata, a lovely little spot. We expected to finish our waggon ride before noon the following day, but were doomed to disappointment. The rains had begun, and the roads were very bad. A waggon turned over into the mud, and we were delayed about four hours while it was being hauled out. Then another tumbled in. We were rather afraid ours might do the same, but were thankful to be kept in safety. Farther on, one of the waggons ran into a bank, on the side of a precipice. This sort of thing kept going on until at last we had to get out and walk the rest of the way. So we did not reach our destination until evening. The next two days we travelled on horseback, the babies slung on the backs of the Indians. Although the rain had poured in torrents while we were in the waggon, we had hardly a drop while on horseback, though it seemed to be raining all around us, and there was thunder and lightning among the hills—another token of lovingkindness from the Lord. We made quite a bold show riding into Cuzco, all together. How the people did stare! We are staying in the hotel at present, but have secured a house, and shall go into it as soon as our things arrive. It is nice to be really here, but we shall need your prayers more than ever, for you may be sure there will be no lack of opposition.—'Christian Herald.'

Always Within Reach.

During the Civil War there lived in the Shenandoah Valley a freed slave known as Aunt Betsey, who could not be brought, by any process of reasoning, to understand the bloody work that was going on around her. Some of the sons of her old master had gone into the Union army; others into Lee's.

'De boys all tink dey're right,' the old woman insisted. 'I hope God will bring 'em all out safe.'

Her cabin stood on the country road leading into Winchester, and first the troops of one army and then the troops of the other passed it. Old Betsey shared neither the fury nor the terror of her neighbors.

'Dem boys all tink dey're right, an' dey're marchin' to death,' she would say, the old heart under her black breast throbbing with pity.

As the weather grew hot an idea came to her. She had a spring of excellent water, and when a detachment of tired, perspiring men marched past, she ran alongside of the column with pails of cold water and tin dippers which she handed them.

It mattered nothing to Betsey whether their coats were gray or blue. With each drink she gave a hearty word.

'De Lohd keep you from bein' killed, sah.'

'De Lohd be beside you in de battle.'

'I pray you may see yoh wife an' chillen again.'

'And which side are you on, aunty?' was often asked.

'I'se on no side. Dey's all God's chillen,' was the answer.

Many men, Southerners and Northerners alike, long afterward told of that tin dipper full of cold water, and of the prayer for their safety which came to them unexpectedly on their weary march. The poor old black woman little knew what memory of home, what cheer and comfort, she gave with her humble offering.

One of the hardest trials in a woman's life is that she cannot always help those dear to her. Her husband goes out to struggle with difficulties which she cannot face. The time comes when her boys must meet temptation and loss alone.

Outside of her family are countless human beings fighting for this or that cause. They are all God's children, most of them in their own way trying to do right. Her hands are weak. She cannot go with them on their march. But she can give to those with whom she is brought into contact love and a word from their Father. That cup of living water is always within her reach.—'Youth's Companion.'

Mysterious Sounds.

Sir David Brewster has given an excellent account of a mysterious night-sound which would have frightened most persons; but which proved innocent and harmless when tested by a steady observer.

A gentleman heard a strange sound every night soon after getting into bed. His wife who retired earlier than he, also heard the weird sound, but not until her husband had got into bed. For a long time no possible cause could be assigned, and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant.

The husband discovered, some time afterwards, that the noise came from the door of a wardrobe which stood near the head of the bed. It was his custom to open and close this wardrobe when undressing, but, as the door was a little tight, he could not quite shut it. The door, probably affected by changes in the temperature, forced itself open with a dull sound, which was over in an instant.

And so many a good ghost story could be solved by a little attention to the sounds resulting from the expansion and contraction of woodwork, such as doors, panels, window-frames, wainscoting, and furniture. Heard at night, when all is still, the sudden creaking of furniture in a room is often quite startling, until one comes to know that it is due to the weather.—'Cottager and Artisan.'

Blessings We Miss.

(By M. A. Deane, in 'American Messenger')

But only for the blindness of our hearts.
Anon.

Among the hills of Scotland dwelt
An aged mother rare;
Sweet patience shone through dim old eyes,
And crowned the silver hair.

Her son, in far America,
Was in her mind alway;
For Heaven's rich blessings on his head
She ne'er forgot to pray.

But thinner grew the shivering form,
More bare the larder small;
Feebler the independent step,
Nearer the expected call.

One day a neighbor asked of him,
The long-gone son; did he
Ne'er send her 'siller, since he gaed
To that far country free?'

Gladly she showed the letters sent,
'And pretty pictures green;'
So eager from all hint of blame
Her absent son to screen.

The 'pictures' proved good clean bank-notes,
Enough for every need;
With ample means, unrecognized,
She near had starved for bread!

So treat we His rich promises,
Meant every want to fill—
As keepsakes loved and beautiful,
But starve our souls meanwhile.

We long for rest and peace and joy,
Our anxious thoughts to stay;
But hang upon our walls, adorned,
The text that points the way.

Oh, loving souls; oh! fainting hearts;
His fulness is for you;
No longer hunger ye, or thirst,
If ye accept it, true!

How Mrs. Tab Helped the Missions.

(By S. Jennie Smith, in 'Child's Paper.')

When the treasurer of the Missionary Society of tht Broad Street Church was looking over the list of persons, who, in answer to an earnest appeal, had sent in special contributions, she came across these words:

'Mrs. Tab—five dollars.'

'Why, who is Mrs. Tab?' she asked in surprise.

'Mrs. Tab?' repeated one of the other ladies who were at the meeting; 'I don't know of any such person, Mrs. Edson.'

'Yet she has sent us five dollars.'

'What's that?' spoke up Mrs. Graham, a member who had just entered the room,

'No,' said Mrs. Graham; 'he merely stated that the money was from Mrs. Tab for the missions, and then he left it and hurried away.'

'Well, I saw the boy around outside as I came along, and if he is still in sight we'll get him in here and find out.'

So Mr. Van Pelt stepped into the street, and in a moment returned with a shy, awkward-looking boy of about twelve years.

'Jerry,' asked Mrs. Graham, 'who is Mrs. Tab that sent this money by you?'

The boy hesitated, then spoke timidly, 'Why, you see, ma'am, she's our cat.'

'Your cat!' the ladies exclaimed in a chorus, and Jerry looked frightened.

'Did you sell her?' some one inquired.

The boy shook his head.

said to his sister, Annie; 'let's find it and take it back.'

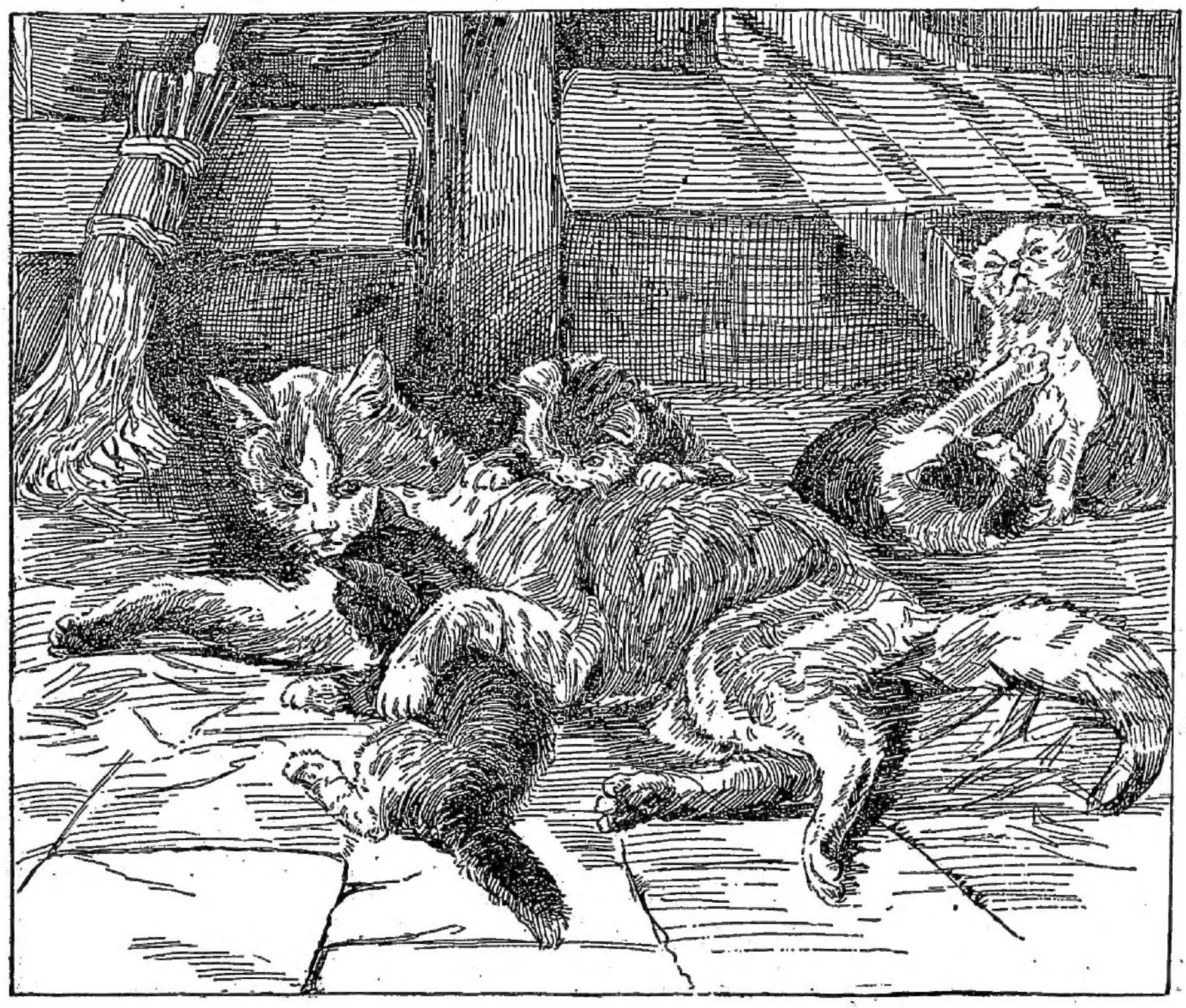
So, lighting a lantern, the two started in search of the crying kitten. They looked for some time, but couldn't find it, and still the cry went on.

'I wish one of your kittens was like Jollikins, Mrs. Lane's cat,' said Annie, as they went along.

'Why?' asked Jerry.

'Oh! don't you know? Jollikins is dead, and Mrs. Lane said she would give five dollars for a cat just like her. She wouldn't mind if it was a kitten with the same marks and color.'

'Five dollars! what a lot for a cat! Well, Mrs. Lane is very rich and can afford it. She loved Jollikins so much.'



'Are you talking about that five dollars? I know who brought it. I was here alone last week when it came. It was Jerry Waldron.'

'Jerry Waldron!' Mrs. Edson said in astonishment; 'why, his folks are scarcely well enough off to give so much. They live on that farm up the road, but they make very little, I believe.'

'Perhaps he has gone to some one outside,' was suggested.

Just then the minister made his appearance in the doorway.

'Mr. Van Pelt,' inquired the treasurer, 'do you know of a person named Mrs. Tab?'

'I can't say that I do,' was the reply. 'Why do you ask?'

'Because she has sent in five dollars, and we'd like to know who she is. Jerry Waldron brought it.'

'And he didn't explain?'

'Tell us, Jerry,' said the minister, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder. 'how did a cat give five dollars? We are very anxious to know.'

'Well, you see, sir, she earned it.'

Then Jerry's bashfulness overcame him again, and it was a long time before the ladies could get at the truth of the matter. At last, however, they managed by much questioning to draw the following story from the boy:

Mrs. Tab, it appeared, was a beautiful large cat owned by the Waldrons. She didn't live in the house, because she had a family of three little kittens, who, as Jerry expressed it, 'would be likely to get at things when they grew;' so she had been allowed to set up housekeeping in a little loft over one of the outbuildings. One evening a cat's pitiful cry was heard near the house.

'There! one of the kittens is out!' Jerry

'What would you do with five dollars if you could get it for a cat?' inquired Annie.

'Do?' repeated the boy, as he remembered the missionary sermon of the day before, 'I'd send it to those missionaries who need money so.'

'And I would too,' added his sister.

'But what's the use of talking?' Jerry went on; 'the kittens are nothing like Jollikins; and as for Mrs. Tab, even if she were, we wouldn't want to part with her.'

'Say, there comes Mrs. Tab now. She must be looking for the kitten.'

Sure enough, there was Mrs. Tab stealing through the grass. She was more successful than the children were, for in a few moments she had a kitten in her mouth, and was on the way to the loft with it. Jerry and Annie followed her.

'Oh, my!' exclaimed the little girl, 'that

a'n't one of our kittens after all. It's a poor little sick thing, half starved, I guess. I wonder where it came from.'

'It's likely a barn kitten that's strayed away,' said Jerry. 'Mrs. Tab will take care of it now. She'd mind anything that was helpless. Don't you remember how she nursed Nero's puppy when Nero died?'

'Yes, so the poor kitten will be all right with her.'

The next morning Jerry went up into the loft to see how the little stranger was. 'Say, Annie!' he cried, rushing down and meeting his sister, 'Mrs. Tab is taking lovely care of that poor kitten. I just found her licking it all over. And what do you think? That kitten looks as much like Jollikins as one cat can look like another.'

Annie drew a long breath. 'If it should live!' she cried.

And the kitten did live, and owing to Mrs. Tab's motherly care became as fat and sleek as any of her own children. Then she was taken to Mrs. Lane and chosen out of forty various cats and kittens that had been offered for sale. 'So don't you think,' Jerry ended up with, 'that Mrs. Tab ought to have the credit of giving that five dollars?'

'Why, of course,' they all said, heartily.

But I think, don't you, children? that a certain little girl and boy deserved a great deal of credit for the noble, unselfish dispositions they showed in giving that five dollars to the missions.

Rest.

'And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.'—Eph. iii: 19.

I prayed to have this love of Christ;
For, O.! I longed to know
The breadth and length, and depth and height
Of Jesus' love below.
He came and swept away all props
On which I leaned with pride;
For only into emptied hearts
Comes Christ the crucified.

He humbled to the dust my pride,
And yet the bruised reed
He did not break—so tenderly
He heals the hearts that bleed.
The Saviour could not enter in
A heart so full of sin:
I wept when his clear light revealed
The vanity within.

The calm so sweet has come at last,
The poor tossed heart finds rest,
The tempest drove the wearied bird
Into the sheltering nest:
The storm without is just as fierce,
The blast is at its height,
But all within is calm and still—
At evening time 'tis light.

For this new life, so sweet, dear Lord,
What can I say to thee?
I never dreamed that thou couldst give
Such perfect rest to me!
For years I heard thy pleading voice,
O cast your care on me.
And yet I know not how to trust
Those weary cares to thee.

More heavy grew the burdens there—
The weight I could not bear;
Helpless I cast them at his feet,
The burdens and the care;
And, Oh, the quiet peace and joy,
The fulness of his love!
Who cast their every care on him,
Will taste the joys above.
—L. M. Latimer, in New York 'Evangelist.'

Suko, the Armenian Boy Drunkard.

(By Emily C. Wheeler, in 'Christian and Missionary Alliance.')

'Suko, Suko, see these women with wash-bowls on their heads,' called Menas from a flat-topped roof in the Armenian village of Arashen.

Suko, a boy of seven, ran forward. 'Do see,' continued Menas, 'they do not ride as our women do astride. They are hanging from the sides of the horses.'

'Meghag! ("I have sinned." An exclamation much used by women in Turkey). 'How very queer they look.'

'Why, Menas, those are our missionary teachers. Did you never see any before?'

'Never, in our village we won't have missionaries. Every time they came, our people stoned them and poured dirty water on their heads from the roofs. Sometimes they threw manure at them and called after them "Leper," "Evil One," "Satan," and at last refused to let them sleep in the village. Now only the men missionaries come once in a while. Praise to God, we are good Gregorians in our village. We are not cursed with Protestants.'

'You are heathen,' muttered Suko. 'My father said so.'

'Shut up, you heretic, or I will knock you down' replied Menas, but was too much interested in the travellers to carry out his threat.

'See, they stop at the preacher's house. How Tartar runs. What is the matter with her?'

'I know,' said Suko. 'Those teachers are not the one's who usually come here. They must be Tartar's' teachers. She is in the preparatory school at the college in Harpoot, and she said her teachers were coming in vacation. You ought to hear her talk about them. She loves them dearly.'

'Pooh, she is a leather-faced girl to go to school. The girls of our village do not read. They are modest and cannot tell "a" from "b." A woman is a donkey. She ought not to read.'

'My mother is a Bible woman and teaches our women and girls how to read. She is no donkey.'

'She is, I tell you. Every woman is a donkey. She has no soul. If she has a soul, why is she a woman? Only men have souls.'

'Well you are a heathen. You'd better not let our preacher hear you talk.'

'I'm not a heathen. I'm a good Christian, I tell you. See the honor that preacher of yours gives those women. He actually let them go in the door before he did!'

'Of course. You ought to hear Tartar tell how the missionaries treat their wives and their teachers. It's fine to be a reading woman.'

Soon Tartar came running over to tell Marinos, the Bible woman, of the arrival and the boys went down the ladder to hear what she had to say.

'Marinos Hatoon, (lady) I am so happy. My dear teachers have come at last and they will visit every home in the village. Miss Crosby has brought a new prayer list book for our village and I saw the name written in big letters on the outside.'

'What is a prayer list?' asked Menas.

'It's a book for subjects of prayer and there is a blank space left opposite each subject so as to write "answered," when the answer comes "yes" or "no," for she says that sometimes God says "no," though he always answers. Miss Crosby has one for our school, one for people in general, one for her big Sunday-school class, and one for each of her big prayer meetings in the four different quarters of the city. I know a blessing will come to our poor village, because she knows how to pray and has lots of good answers.'

'Does she make the sign of the cross when she prays, like a true Christian?'

'Of course not, she is not a Gregorian.'

'Well, then, I don't believe her prayers are any good at all.'

'You just wait and see.'

'Who is the other teacher?' asked Marinos.

'She is my special pet, my dove, my little one. We girls all love her. She is so gentle and pretty and loving. Miss Crosby is often very severe and has to punish us, but Miss Wilmot is so sweet that all she has to do is to look at us and we mind. Then we like to watch her, because she is betrothed to Miss Crosby's brother, and Americans are so different in their ways about such things from us Armenians.'

'Different! I should think they were,' mocked Menas, 'going off with wash-bowls on their heads, hung to the side of a horse, reading and taking honor from preachers as though it were a small thing: praying like priests with a prayer book and to top all, going about in this brazen way when betrothed. A betrothed girl should stay at home and mind her own business, learn to cook and sew and sweep the house!'

'Ah, Menas Agha, (Lord Menas) we got you there,' said Tarter with a little courtesy, 'Miss Wilmot can sew and sweep and cook, embroider, crochet and even cut our garments beautifully. More than that, she has studied accounts and arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, chemistry and physics. She knows astronomy and Greek and Latin. I tell you my teachers know more than the bishop at your village, if they are women.'

'Didn't I tell you so,' chimed in Suko triumphantly.

'Well, they ought to know a lot, so old and only just betrothed. Every girl not betrothed at fifteen is an old maid.'

'Educated girls don't mind if they are not married at fifteen. Our college girls are, many of them, over twenty. Customs are changing.'

Off went Tartar and, soon it was night, for in January the sun sets rapidly behind the Taurus Mountains.

In Suko's home, the Bible woman sat in a corner of the dim room weeping. There was company, and her husband, a careless wicked man, was carousing with his guests.

As usual, Suko who was so funny when drunk was called up, and, contrary to the usual custom in Turkey, given the raki which he loved.

After amusing the company for a while he fell down dead drunk, and his poor mother took up his trembling, pale little body and put him to bed.

Would the dear Christ ever have mercy on her and restore her baby to her again?

She did not know that far away in Boston, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school in Shawnut Chapel had introduced a missionary service into the 'Order of Worship' for his school, and that the prayer of this service, (used first in January, 1890, the Sabbath before Miss Crosby's visit to Arashen), was this clause, 'Bless the labors of thy servants, the missionaries of the cross in our own country and in heathen lands. We pray especially for our missionary Miss Wheeler, in Turkey; may her life, her health, and her work be very precious in thy sight.' No one in Arashen, not even Miss Crosby herself, knew of this, but God

knew, and he answers prayers. Marinos, the Bible woman was nearer comfort than she guessed.

Friday morning the ladies started with the preacher's wife on a round of calls, going first to Suko's home in honor of the Bible woman.

'Come in, come in,' said Marinos Haltoon, 'You must be cold. Sit by the tonie (oven) and put your feet down over the smouldering coals.'

It was useless to protest, so the ladies obediently put their feet into the hole in the floor and allowed Marinos to throw a shawl over their laps to keep the heat in, though they knew the fleas would soon have a feast around their neck and wrists.

'Is that your little boy, Marinos Haltoon? He must be ill. How he trembles. What is his name?'

'Suko,' said his mother, thinking 'I must see them alone and put him on the prayer list.'

'Come here, Suko,' said Miss Wilmot. 'You must have trouble with your liver. Is he always like this, Marinos Haltoon?'

'I will tell you what the matter is,' spoke up the preacher's wife. 'The child has been to bed drunk almost every night since he was five. No wonder he shakes like an aspen leaf.'

'Why, how terrible!' exclaimed both ladies.

'How can it be; children do not drink in this country.'

'His father wished to see him act foolish and it was so funny that they kept it up and now he loves it so, he will not stop.'

'He will soon die if he keeps on,' said Miss Wilmot, and she took Suko's little hand in hers and began to talk to him in an undertone. Suko only shook his head.

'Suko,' said Miss Crosby, 'did you ever ask Jesus to help you? Won't you ask Jesus to conquer you?'

'I don't want him to conquer me. I love the raki.'

'Suko, I am coming here to-morrow to get some other subjects of prayer, and I shall bring a little pledge for you to sign. Then I will put you in my book and ask Jesus every day to help you. Now, if you will promise to give up the raki just for to-night, I will bring you two colored pictures.'

Suko had never owned a colored picture, save a wee one given him by his Sunday-school teacher, so he promised.

Menas looked on in amusement. It was so strange for these teachers to make such a fuss over a child. They were indeed different from his bishop. When they prayed, they seemed to be talking to some friend close by. He decided to ask Miss Crosby to write his village in the prayer list. She told so lovingly of how Christ had answered her prayers. It must be good to get so well acquainted with Christ.

Saturday morning the teachers, knowing the preacher's wife had baking to do, told her she need not go with them. All forgot the fierce village dogs, with ears cut close to their heads, who always attacked strangers, and that ladies accustomed to touring always take a village woman with them to keep off these dogs.

Only a few weeks before the two at Suko's house had torn a mountaineer, who came to rob the house, in pieces.

As the ladies went up the narrow path in the snow the two huge dogs rushed round the house barking furiously. While one kept on barking the other seized Miss Crosby's hand, which she held up to ward off the dog, lest he leap at her throat.

The thought came swiftly—'God says, "Pray without ceasing." It serves me right, for I was not praying,' and she lifted her heart to God.

The Boston Sunday-school had prayed that life and health and work might be precious in God's sight, and as her prayers joined theirs, the dog let go her hand where he had bitten through and laid hold of her wrist. She will never forget his puzzled look as he kept trying to bite her and could not. She knows how Daniel felt in the lion's den. Miss Wilmot, just behind, said, 'What is that dog doing?'

'He's trying to bite me, but he can't because I'm praying but it's awful and I wish you would pray for them to open the door.'

Inside, Marinos said as she heard one dog bark, 'You don't suppose the preacher's wife is such a fool as to send those teachers here alone,' and she and Suko rushed to the door. Up went her arms with a scream, 'Aman! Aman! Tarjooheenereh!' Oh dear! Oh dear! the teachers!'

Calling off the dogs she picked up Miss Crosby in her strong arms and insisted on carrying her into the house.

'To think that we should have the blood of a Koord on our house and it was not enough! We must just escape killing a missionary with our dogs!'

'God has saved me.'

Suko stood by with wide-open eyes.

'Oh, teacher,' he said, 'it was dreadful to go without the raki last night and I had made up my mind not to sign the pledge, but if you can pray against our dogs, you can pray against the drink.'

He signed the pledge, and read the Bible the teachers sent him. Better still, he asked Christ to conquer him and his appetite, and Christ did. He is a fine boy of sixteen and no longer the boy drunkard of Arashen.

The Collector's Experience.

Mrs. Wellington White speaking at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, told the experience of a missionary collector. She went first to a society lady, feeling sure of a liberal sum with which to head her list The lady was elegantly dressed, her home was beautifully furnished, but she was feeling the financial crisis, something they are always talking about in New York, and she couldn't promise ten cents a month—no, not five cents, a single car fare, for she never rode in the cars, only in her carriage.

The collector next called upon a sewing girl who supported an invalid mother. As she looked over the bare room she hesitated to ask anything for missions, but finally told her errand and asked if they could give five cents per week. The girl replied that she could give more than that each week, the proceeds of eggs laid by a missionary hen. The eggs were purchased at a liberal price by the lady who was suffering from the financial crisis, and thus the poor seamstress was enabled to contribute weekly to the cause of missions. Pointing to a singing bird in a cage—the only unnecessary thing in the house—she said, 'It seems extravagant to keep a bird when the heathen need the Gospel so badly, but it is all the company mother has when I am away.'

'Take that story home with you,' said Mrs. White, 'and let it teach you what it will. There is a spear in that story for every woman's heart, beginning with my own.'

Two sisters in Glasgow, who could not go to the foreign field, determined to be missionaries at home. They saved fifty dollars in the year, and their minister advised them to lay it by for a rainy day. They said it would break their hearts if they were too poor to help. 'Draw your lesson.'

A number of girls in China asked permission to save money by having less to eat on Sunlay. Doing nothing but go to church, they did not need so good a dinner!

An old Chinese woman offered to go to another city with the Gospel message for two dollars per month, if those at home would pray for her every day. She returned in two months. Alone? Not when the Christian women had been praying; but with forty heathen women who had walked twenty-five miles to see a church and a communion. The beds in the boarding-school were full, but the Christian women slept on the floor and gave their beds to the heathen women. The old woman returned in four months with five women who desired to be admitted to the church. 'There is not a church on this continent that should not have its own representative on the foreign field. Your auxiliaries with a little more devotion could each have one. But if you can't put five cents in the basket, give your prayers. Your missionaries beseech you with outstretched hands to remember them in your prayers.'—'Outlook.'

When Thou Passest Through the Waters.

Is there any heart discouraged as it journeys on its way?
Does there seem to be more darkness than there is of sunny day?
Oh, it's hard to learn the lesson, as we pass beneath the rod,
That the sunshine and the shadows serve alike the will of God;
But there comes a word of promise like the promise of the bow—
That however deep the waters they shall never overflow.

When the flesh is worn and weary, and the spirit is depressed,
And temptations sweep upon it like a storm on ocean's breast,
There's a heaven ever open for the tempest-driven bird,
There's shelter for the tempted in the promise of the Word;
For the standard of the Spirit shall be raised against the foe,
And however deep the waters they shall never overflow.

When a sorrow comes upon you that no other soul can share,
And the burden seems too heavy for the human heart to bear,
There is One whose grace can comfort, if you'll give Him an abode;
There's a Burden-bearer ready, if you'll trust Him with your load;
For the precious promise reaches to the depths of human woe,
That however deep the waters they shall never overflow.

When the sands of life are ebbing, and I near the Jordan's shore;
When I see its billows rising and I hear its waters roar,
I will reach my hand to Jesus, in His bosom I shall hide,
And 'twill only be a moment till I reach the other side;
It is then the fullest meaning of the promise I shall know.
'When thou passest through the waters they shall never overflow.'

—C. S. Kirk, in the 'Philadelphia Ledger.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Daisy's Band of Hope.

('Temperance Record.')

Just two weeks after Daisy Thorne's tenth birthday she fell upon great trouble. Her mother had died when Daisy was but four years old, and she became her father's pet and companion. They live in a tiny cottage in the big town of Nottingham. Mrs. Brown, their next door neighbor, was very kind-hearted; she had boys and girls of her own and helped Mr. Thorne out of his difficulty by offering to take care of Daisy while he was at work. He paid Mrs. Swain, a widow, who lived near by, a small sum weekly to come in each day and keep the house clean, and cook some food.

Daisy's father was employed in a factory and finished work at half-past five. It took him ten minutes to reach home, and Daisy was always at the door to welcome her 'daddy.' His eyes sparkled as he looked on his little fair-haired lassie, and when she ran to him he would lift her up in his arms and kiss her. Mrs. Brown always took care that the kettle was boiling, and after he had washed his hands and face, Daisy helped him to set the table, and then they had tea together. Perhaps he kept her out of bed longer than was good for such a little girl, but she was pleasant company.

Little girls will grow bigger, you know, and by the time she was seven Daisy knew how to get the tea all ready for 'daddy,' and she had already learned to read a letter, and her father thought the kindergarten work she did at school very clever. Because her playmates, the little Browns, went to a Band of Hope, she went too. Her father was much interested in this, because he was an old Band of Hope boy, and had never broken his pledge. So now he encouraged her to learn short recitations, and was very proud of her, when in her ninth year, she carried off the prize medal in a competition.

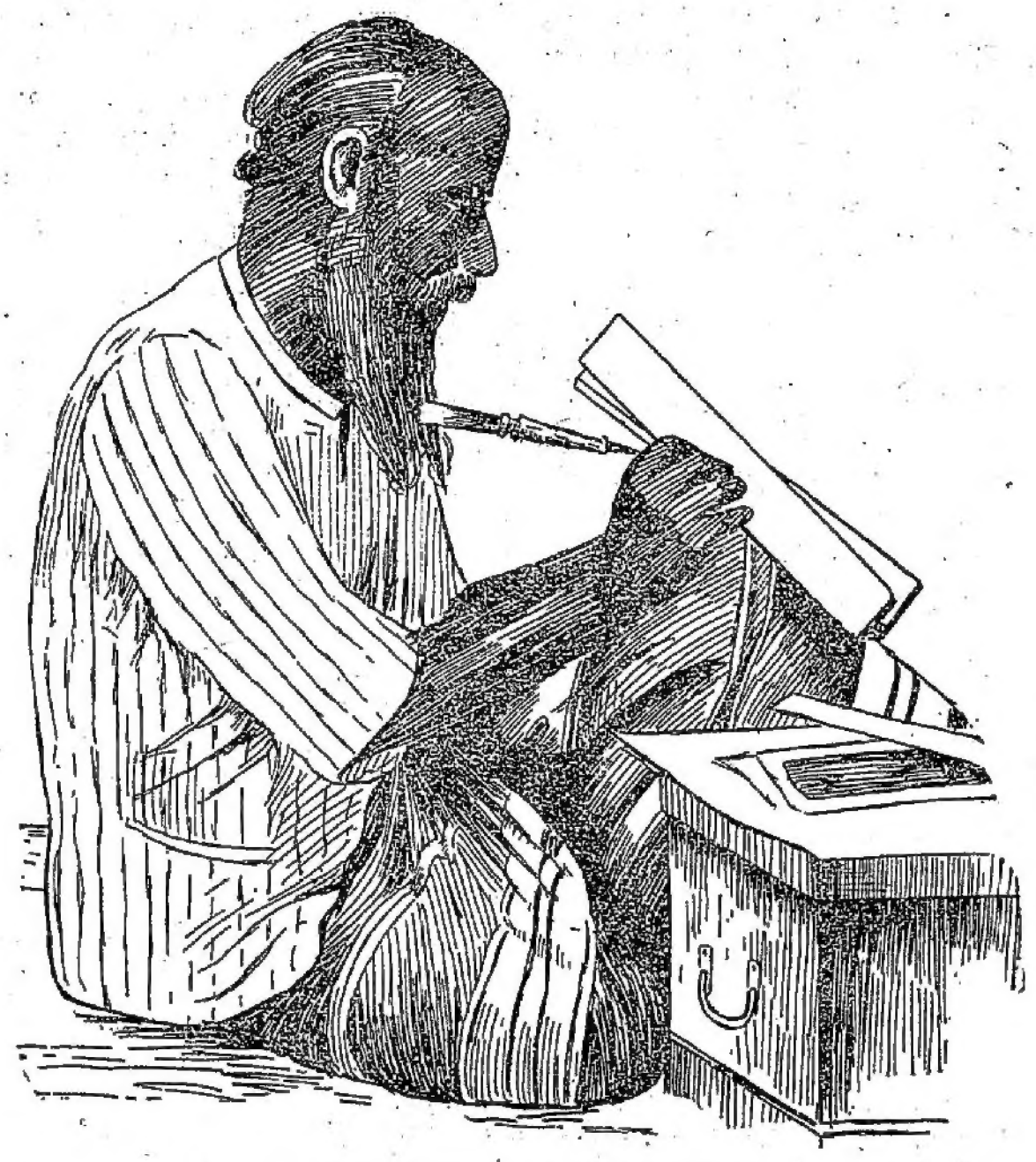
It was very sad that on her tenth birthday when she was going to have a good time, her father felt so ill that they had to send for the doctor, and two weeks after he died. A girl of ten is old enough to know what death means, and Daisy sobbed bitterly, as she understood how much she had lost. It was a good thing for her that she had such nice neighbors.

She had also one kind auntie, who lived about ten miles away, near a small village. Every summer her father took a week's holiday, and he and Daisy spent it at Mr. Foster's old-fashioned farm house. That week was something to look forward to all the spring, and to look back upon all the winter. They generally went in harvest time and saw the corn being reaped and bound into sheaves. What glorious rides Daisy used to get! Then the apples were just beginning to ripen in the orchard and a few currants were left on the bushes.

So it was Aunt Bessie who had to take the father's place and give a home to Daisy. The Forsters' house was very full already. Tom, the eldest boy, was sixteen, and helped on the farm. Regie was fourteen, and Dick was twelve. Uncle Silas hoped some girls would come, and it happened that the three youngest children were all girls. Susie was ten, Bertha nine, and Winifred seven. Uncle Silas was good tempered, and Aunt Bess was patient and soft-spoken, and their children were 'chips of the old block.' So the farm was a pleasant place to live at; in summer to roam and romp about and mix work with play; and in winter to spend the long evenings in reading and working and singing.

So Daisy might have been much worse off. She missed her father very greatly at first, and often looked at his portrait, which hung on the wall of the bedroom she shared with Bertha, but in time the sadness wore off, and she found her cousins to be real companions.

Town girls do not easily get used to the great quiet and loneliness of



A SINGHALESE MAN WRITING.

(By the Rev. F. D. Waldock, of Colombo, Ceylon.)

This is a Singhalese man writing with an iron style or pen on palm leaf. Formerly, this was the only way of writing in Ceylon, and is now used for copying the Buddhist sacred books; and even shopkeepers sometimes keep their accounts in this way. But paper, pens and ink, and printing have now become very common, and are much more convenient, and the old is giving way to the new.—'Juvenile Missionary Herald.'

the country. Trees and flowers, birds and bushes are companionable, but they are different from the faces of men and women, boys and girls of whom you see so many in a big town. Daisy particularly missed her Band of Hope. On Sunday afternoon she and her cousins went with Uncle Silas to the little Methodist chapel two miles off, but there was no Sunday-school, and the village was so scattered that no Band of Hope had been started.

One day a thought struck Daisy. You know that ideas sometimes come like a flash of lightning—quick and unexpected. It was this: Why not have a Band of Hope at the Farm? Well, why not?

But Daisy was troubled because there was no superintendent; nobody to make speeches; nobody to carry it on. However, she mentioned the idea to Bertha, and they had a long talk that night before going to sleep. When Daisy told of the pleasant times she had had in Nottingham, the pictures she had seen, the entertainments she had enjoyed, and the lessons she had learned, Bertha grew quite eager. At last she said:—'Let us speak to Tom about it.' All the girls were fond of Tom; he never spoke harshly to them, rarely teased them, and was always willing to help them if he could.

Next day they coaxed Tom aside after the tea-supper, and asked him if he would be superintendent. I ought to tell you that though they had not signed any pledge, none of the children drank beer. At first the idea seemed to him a comical one. How could he be superintendent? How could he superintend? It is true that sometimes, listening to the preacher on Sunday, he had thought he should like to be able to talk. Finally, he said that the next time he went to town he would find out the office of the Band of Hope Union and learn what was best to be done.

Now there were three interested, and they explained the matter to the others and to the servants and to father and mother. On the next market day Tom drove into Nottingham, and when business was over he found the office of the Union; picked up a lot of hints, brought away some books of instructions, and twenty hymn-books.

Then it was agreed that on the Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, they would have the first Band of Hope meeting in the big kitchen. Three of the Farleys came from Hill Farm, half a mile away, and four of the Woburn children from the Abbey Farm, nearly a mile in the other direction. Mr. and Mrs. Forster did not consider themselves too old to join the meeting. Tim and Jerry, the two farm helpers who lived in the house, and Mary and Rebecca, the dairy maids, also were welcomed. It was a gleeful group which gathered in the warm room on that chill October night. The hymn books were distributed and Regie played on the little harmonium. The scripture reading was easy, and Uncle Silas prayed. Then Tom made his first address, and though a little nervous, managed to explain what a Band of Hope was. He suggested two or three rules: 1. To meet every fortnight. 2. To pay a penny per month subscription. 3. To have a pledge against smoking for all who would take it. Then he read an interesting Temperance story and called on Daisy for a recitation. This so much pleased the company that they all clapped their hands, and Uncle Silas said it was so good he should like to have another.

After that Tom asked who would sign the pledge, and was very pleased when both Tim and Jerry came up to the table, for everybody knew that they drank beer when they passed the 'Red Cow' public-house, which stood on the highway. Tom had brought some pretty pledge cards, and it took quite a long time in fill them up.

I hardly need tell you that Daisy was a happy little girl that night, and went to bed with a prayer on her lips:—'Dear Father, please bless our Band of Hope.'

A Charitable Cat.

Our cat Spotto sat in the window washing his face; he had eaten his dinner of milk and beef, and now was scrubbing himself before taking an afternoon nap. A little gray cat came running up the path, outside the window, and stopped to look up at the happy pussy in the warm room. The cold wind rumpled her fur, and she was very hungry.

Spotto had played with her about the barn several times during the last few days, and his mistress had carried out milk to her every day, but had not allowed her to come into the house.

Spotto looked down from his cosy seat at the stray pussy out in the cold, then jumped down and teased to be let out. A few minutes later his mistress heard him crying to come in again.

'You uneasy little beast!' she said, holding the door open just wide enough to give him passage. 'You don't know what you want. Hurry!'

But he stopped deliberately in the crack, keeping the door open, and a little gray cat jumped over him, and walked into the room ahead of him. The lady had not the heart to turn out the intruder who had been helped in so cleverly, and now two pussies often sit together in the window—Spotto and Tramp.—'Christian Uplook.'

I Wouldn't Be Cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never
worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a
smile;
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly, and
never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly, whatever
may come.
You may count on the kinsfolk
around you to stand—
O, loyally true in a brotherhood
band!
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth
the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear—I
wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger,
ah, no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the
life-path we owe
This kindness, to give them good
cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint stones and
plant the soft grass,
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial
or loss,
I perchance might be silent—I
wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too
proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and
a jar
The beautiful work of our hands
we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of
trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love—I
wouldn't be cross.

—From 'Little Knights and Ladies.'

LESSON II.—APRIL 8.

Precepts and Promises.

Matt. vii., 1-14. Memory verses 7, 8, 13, 14. Read Matt. vi., 19 to vii., 29. Compare Luke vi., 37-49.

Daily Readings.

M. Prayer. Mt. 6: 5-15.
T. Principle. Mt. 6: 33-48.
W. Providence. Mt. 6: 19-34.
T. Warning. Mt. 7: 13-27.
F. Parallel. Lk. 6: 37-49.
S. Sanction. 1 Cor. 13: 1-13.

Golden Text.

'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'—Matt. vii., 12.

Lesson Text.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. (2.) For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again. (3.) And thy beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? (4.) Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eyes. (5.) Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. (6.) Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you. (7.) Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: (8.) For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. (9.) Or what man is there of you, who if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? (10.) Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? (11.) If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? (12.) Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. (13.) Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; (14.) Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Suggestions.

Last week we studied the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount, to-day we study a bit of the end. It is most important to read carefully the whole three chapters several times over in these two weeks of study, so as to get a connected idea of the whole. These words of our Lord are well worth all the study we can give them. Study with a prayer to God to make clear to you his word by the Holy Spirit.

Christ forbids us to criticise others or to judge their motives to be unrighteous. Judge not, you can form an opinion on your neighbor's conduct, but you can not discern his real motives for acting as he does. Judge not, you do not know the difficulties with which that man has to contend, his circumstances are different from yours, you can not tell what you would do in his place, he seems to you weak and disfigured, but in God's sight he may be a hero of greater nobility than you will ever attain to. We are too prone to judge others by their worst actions, while we estimate ourselves by our best motives. Judge not, lest in setting thyself up to be better than thy brother, thou shalt lose that pearl of great price, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Blessed are the meek, those that do not criticise or judge harshly. One who sets himself up as a judge or critic, at once becomes a target of criticism. He who scorns his neighbors will be scorned by his neighbors. He who measures out contempt and ill-will will receive contempt and ill-will in return. On the other hand he who measures out love and mercy will receive love and mercy again (Matt. v., 7.)

When a wise man notices the faults of another, his first thought is to look to himself and see if he have the same faults, and finding them, strives to correct them that he may set a good example to the other. When a fool notices the faults of a good man he immediately raises hue and cry that there is a mote in his brother's eye, paying no heed to his own defects. For as a mote (splinter) is to a beam (log), so is the surface fault of a man in comparison with the heart that is not obedient to God. Blessed are the peacemakers who sow no discord by gossiping about their neighbor's faults. When a wise man sees his brother at fault he first prays about it, then if God shows him that it is his duty, he goes to the brother and speaks to him lovingly of his fault, promising to do all he can to help him get rid of that fault. But he does not say anything unkind behind his back, though he may tell two or three real friends who will join him in prayer for the man at fault. Also if the erring one refuses to hear the loving warning of his brother, the Christian may have to publicly announce that he does not approve the conduct of the other, so that the evil influence may not seem to have the Christian's sanction (Matt. xviii., 15-17.)

Except a man be born again he can not see nor comprehend the kingdom of heaven. There are many truths of the kingdom which are revealed gradually to those who belong to Christ and who grow in grace and understanding. These truths can not be comprehended nor received by a man who is not born again, they are hidden even to the most intellectual of unregenerate men, they are as pearls before swine to those who choose to let their hearts be dominated by sin. But they are revealed to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Ask, and it shall be given you, not the exact thing you ask for, perhaps, for that might be injurious, but a better thing, which will answer the purpose of the spirit of your prayer. God will answer your prayer, perhaps so directly that you can make no mistake, or perhaps the blessing will come in such disguise that you will have to seek through the circumstances of life to find what the answer was. He that seeketh God findeth him in all the circumstances of life. He that seeketh the kingdom of God findeth that kingdom in his own heart by faith. He who knocketh at the door of God's treasure house, patiently, persistently, prayerfully, finds entrance to the very heart of God and by faith may appropriate every needed good.

The love of God is greater than the love of any earthly parent, but his love is guided by infinite wisdom. He sees the end from the beginning, and his love denies us those dangerous toys which would work our ruin. If our shortsighted selfishness makes us choose our own foolish way, we come to grief, but it is not because God does not love us. If we put ourselves absolutely into God's care, he will give us everything that will be for our ultimate satisfaction and best good.

The Golden Rule of doing to others only those things which we would wish to have done to ourselves, is an impossible rule for those who have not the indwelling Saviour to keep them from jealousy, revenge, censoriousness, malice and evil speaking. The whole law is fulfilled in the command to love one another, (Rom. xiii., 10, 14.)

Eternal life is entered by the strait (or narrow) gate. 'One virtue does not make a man virtuous, but one sin makes him sinful.' One drop of clear water does not alter the color of a bottle of ink, but one drop of ink will rob a glass of water of purity and clearness. It is easier to sin than to obey God, therefore the way of sinners is represented as a broad down grade road, but the end of that road is eternal banishment from the presence of God (Dan. xii., 2.) The way to heaven is pictured as narrow because not one sin can enter there. The burden of sin, no matter how light and small it may seem, must be left at the gate of the narrow way (Cor. vi., 9, 10, 20.) Jesus Christ is the Door through which we enter into the kingdom, he also is the Way. The Holy Spirit is the Guide and Teacher and Comforter. No one needs to miss the way of life if they will accept Christ's offer of salvation and cleansing.

Junior C. E Topic.

Mon., April 2.—A working spirit. John 9: 14.

Tues., April 3.—What Jesus did. Acts 10: 38.

Wed., April 4.—Did He pass by His own town? Luke 4: 16.

Thu., April 5.—Helping the weary. Matt. 11: 28.

Fri., April 6.—Making everybody happy. Luke 19: 37.

Sat., April 7.—Voicing the gospel. Matt. 11: 5.

Sun., April 8.—Topic—How may we live, like Christ, 'go about doing good'? John 4: 5-15. (Quarterly missionary meeting. Home missions.)

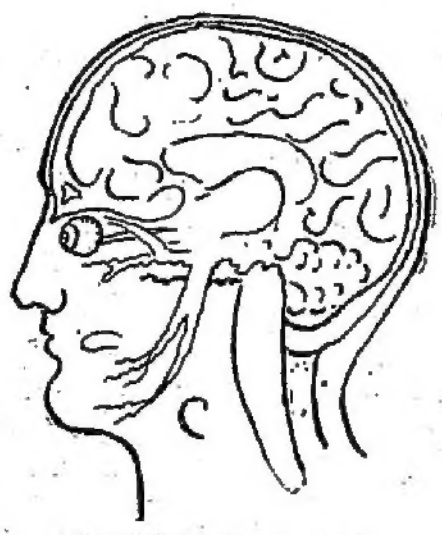
C. E. Topic.

March. 25.—The glory of obedience. Matt. 21: 28-32.

Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER IX.—THE BRAIN AND NERVES



THE BRAIN—SIDE VIEW.

This gives a side view of the brain and cranial nerves. The brain is double. The top portion, or Cerebrum, is shaped like the double kernel of an English walnut.

The lower part of the brain, called the Cerebellum, also double, is behind the ear, and much smaller than the Cerebrum.

1. Q.—What constitutes the nervous system.

A.—The brain, the nerves, and the spinal cord.

2. Q.—Of what is the brain composed?

A.—It is four-fifths water, and the rest is albumen, fat, and a few other substances, making a soft, pulpy mass.

3. Q.—Where is it situated?

A.—It fills the top and back of the head, is protected by the skull, and is the most important organ of the body.

4. Q.—Why is it so important?

A.—Because it is the home or the birthplace of the mind. Through the brain, we think and reason, and act and move.

5. Q.—How does it control our actions?

A.—By means of the nerves which are connected with it.

6. Q.—What are these nerves?

A.—They are white cords, similar in substance to the brain, extending from the brain and senial cord to all parts of the body.

7. Q.—What is the spinal cord?

A.—It extends from the brain down the centre of the back, and is protected by the back bone, filling the hollow part of the bone.

8. Q.—Are there different kinds of nerves?

A.—Yes; there are nerves of sense, and nerves of motion. The cranial nerves are twelve pairs that extend from the brain to the eyes, ears, nose, various parts of the face, throat, and one pair reaches as far as the heart.

9. Q.—Of what use are the cranial nerves?

A.—By them we taste, smell, hear, see, and move the muscles of our faces.

(To be Continued.)

Dr. Samuel Johnson on Wine

(By A. J. H. Crespi, in 'Alliance News.')

How important it is not to prescribe alcohol for the aged and infirm! Some of my readers may recall those memorable lines in Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' when the latter was near the end of his pilgrimage. Johnson's life had been one of continual illness, his temptations and trials had been many, and his surroundings far from good, while the customs of his age permitted greater licence than is now tolerated in the higher walks of life.

'Then,' said Johnson, when his physician told him that death was near, 'I will take no more physic—not even my opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded.' In this resolution he perserved, and at the same time used only the weakest kinds of sustenance. Being pressed by Mr. Windham to take somewhat more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should have the very effect he dreaded, by debilitating his mind, he answered, 'I will take anything but inebriating sustenances.'

And thus that great and good man—for he was both, despite much warring of the flesh against the spirit—passed away, his mind clear, his heart at rest, and the fear of death, which for years had haunted him, mercifully dispelled at the last, and the peace of God—for which he had yearned so long and prayed so earnestly, but, as it seemed, ineffectually—granted him in large measure when most needed. Cheerfully and calmly he went to his grave, not soothed by opiates nor stupefied by alcohol, and we rejoice to believe that in the quiet pastures beside the still waters of comfort he has received his reward.

It is interesting to remember that he was for many years an uncompromising enemy of wine, and that he was, in his later years, firm in his preference of water. 'As we drove back to Ashbourn,' says Boswell, 'Dr. Johnson recommended to me, as he had often done, to drink water only. For, said he, you are then sure not to get drunk; whereas if you drink wine, you are never sure.' And this was not the only matter in which he was in advance of his contemporaries, and in advance of most of ours, too.

The Mill by the Rivulet.

(From 'Rallying Songs for Young Teetotallers.')

(As they sing the words 'Clip Clap' the children should clap hands in unison.)
Mrs. Dana Shindler. (adapted.)

The mill by the rivulet evermore sounds,
Clip! Clap!
By day and by night goes the miller his rounds, Clip! Clap!
He grinds us the corn, to make nourishing bread.
And when we have that we are daintily fed,
Clip Clap! Clip Clap! Clip Clap!

The wheel quickly turns and then round goes the stone, Clip Clap!
And grinds us the wheat which the farmer has sown, Clip Clap!
The baker then bakes us fine biscuit and cake,
We're glad that the baker such nice things can make.
Clip Clap! Clip Clap! Clip Clap!

But when people say 'Make the grain into drink,' Clip Clap!
There's a change in the sound of the mill wheel, I think, Clip Clap!
When they say 'Rum is good, let it freely flow.'
Then the mill seems to say 'You are speaking, you know.' Clap trap! Clap trap! Clap trap!

The drink bill of Great Britain just published shows that the Englishman drinks 2.41 gallons of alcohol a year.

Correspondence

Shinimicas, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like your 'Messenger' very much. Papa has taken it for me three years. I have two brothers. One is five and a half years, the other three years old. I go to school and like my teacher very much. We live twenty miles from Amherst. VANCE D. A. (aged 8.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I don't have to go a block to get to school. I have a cat and I had a bird, but the cat killed it.
AGNES F. (aged 9.)

Northport.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very well. My father takes the 'Daily Witness' and thinks it is the best paper in Canada.
LORNE CAMPBELL.

Sunderland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers and no sisters. I live near the village of Sunderland. There are four churhes, one school and some stores. DEVENA (aged 7.)

Pender Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—Last summer I went to Victoria, with my father and brother. We went by the way of Sydney. My brother and I rowed part of the way. We passed by many little Islands. When we got near Sydney, it was rather rough. We went in to land and ate our lunch and rested. Then we got into the boat again and in a short time reached Sydney. We went into a store, and stayed a while and then went out for a walk. When we came back, the train was just coming in, and in a little while we were on our way to Victoria. That night I went with my father to see two of my friends and next afternoon we returned home again. NELLIE.

Alice, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have made a quilt, and it has a hundred blocks. Now I am making a larger quilt. I have two brothers and two sisters. We have Sabbath School all summer in our church. We have a nice organ, too. I love to hear the hymns played on it. FLORENCE M. (aged 10.)

Mddlefield. N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have six plants in the school-room all summer; shamrock, rose-ivy, youth and old age, two geraniums. Our teacher got twenty pictures to put up in the school-room. We have preaching every two weeks. JESSIE C. D.

Middlefield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We keep a hotel. I have three sisters and two brothers. One sister is married in New York. One brother is twenty-five years old, and he works in the gold mines at Malega. Jessie Dunn is my friend. She lives one mile from me.
LIZZIE K. (aged 10.)

Studholm, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl (10 years old.) I go to school every day. We have a Union Sabbath School here. My uncle is superintendent, and my papa is one of the teachers. The teachers give a psalm (or other scriptures) to their classes to learn, and repeat in turn. But some of the boys think they are too large, I guess, to learn Bible verses. But I don't think we ought to get to old for that. What do you think about it? H. G. G.

The older we get, the more we need to have God's word in our hearts. The younger we are, the easier it is to learn.

Dunn's Valley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live away among the hills of Algoma, on a farm. I have two brothers and two sisters, and a great many cousins, and one grandma. Most of my cousins and grandma lives in Grey County. There are quite a number of mines and camps here, and we live seventeen miles from a railway, and twenty miles from a town. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have two aunts out in Rossland, British Columbia.
MAGGIE M. (aged 13.)

Alvinston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and one brother. My papa has taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and intends taking it next year. I am a little girl seven years old, and I like going to school very much.
BARBARA E.

Portneuf, Que.

Dear Editor,—This summer I was away at a place about twelve miles from here. My father was helping to put up a large mill there, and I kept house for him. A nice river flowed past the mill, and there are splendid falls. We could hear the noise of the falls all the time. I used to go out on the river a good deal. I spent nearly all my holidays there, but the riding home shakes one up a lot. NELLIE F. (aged 13.)

West Hall, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like reading your paper very well, I could never be without it again. I have a brother eight years old, and a sister four years old. My Sunday-school teacher sent me this paper, and I enjoy reading the letters very much. It is a prairie country here, so we have a great many fires. WILLIAM L. G. (aged 12.)

Orillia.

Dear Editor,—I live about half a mile from Sunday-school, in South Orillia. We have taken the 'Messenger' about two years, and we like it very much.
ROSE W. (aged 7.)

Jessopville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I am only five years old, and have not started school yet. I can read all the first book myself. I have three kitties named Molly, Tibber and Silver. I had a dear old doggie named Collie. I used to have such fun with him, but Uncle Joseph took him away, and I was so very sorry. I have four little dolls, named Beautie, Rosie, Minnie and Darkie, and we have lots of fun together. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have a papa and mamma who read all the little letters to me out of the 'Messenger.'
MAGGIE S. W. (aged 5.)

London.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for nine years, and enjoy it very much. We would not miss it for anything. We had a whole lot of soldiers go away from this city, to fight with the Boers. Every one here wanted to go. The streets were crowded with people seeing them away. I was going for a bugler, but they said I was too small. ALLAN B.

Moncton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city of Moncton, in the providence of New Brunswick. The inhabitants of the city number about 10,000. There are many fine buildings in our city. The new Intercolonial Depot which was built in 1898, is very nice, and also the I. C. R. general offices. We have two beautiful school buildings, the Victoria and the Aberdeen High School. I go to the Aberdeen. There are eight hundred scholars in that one building. We all march to the Assembly Hall in the morning, for the opening exercises. There is a piano in the hall, and the High School boys have an orchestra, and they play while we all sing, so you will know that we make a great noise. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and enjoy the stories in it. This is my first year, but I hope to take it a good many years. HARRY C. M. (aged 10.)

Boyd Road, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother goes to school with me. I live on a farm two miles and a half from school. I have five sisters and one brother. My youngest sister's name is Myrtle, and my brother's name is Guy. My papa takes the 'Witness,' and I enjoy reading the Children's Corner and the Boys' Page. CLARA McL. (aged 12.)

Welsford, N.B., March 14, 1900.

Dear Editor,—I received the Berry Spoon and can't see how you can give such good premiums for so little. I had to walk several miles to get it, but that is not much for a boy of 11 years. There has been skating or coasting nearly all winter. I have been given skates for a Xmas present for two years. I got twenty-five Xmas presents this year. R. E. McCULLY.

HOUSEHOLD.

Amusing the Baby.

Children of an early age should be taught to entertain themselves for a certain portion of every day, otherwise they will become exacting and hard to amuse as they grow older.

Home-made playthings answer fully as well, if not better, than those which are purchased at the stores. It is a great mistake to have too many toys or playthings around at a time. Every child grows tired of the monotony, and desires a change. It is a wise plan to have some especial playthings which are always favorites kept in a box or closet for rainy or stormy days.

It is surprising to know how little it really takes to entertain some children. Gay-colored pieces from the rag-bag will furnish entertainment for hours. Samples of ginghams, lawns, worsteds and silks, which can be had for the asking at almost any dry goods store, have delighted one small lad of twenty-two months for days. He loves the bright colors and the pretty floral designs, and nothing pleases him more than a package of samples. Children who love bright pictures are often delighted with old-fashioned books and their gay plates. Floral catalogues often furnish entertainment for a long time. Screens covered with gay pictures suitable to the nursery are interesting and instructive to the little folks. Long strings of empty spools, colored balls, such as are used in kindergartens, and small empty boxes are much liked by very young children.

Most babies love flowers, and this should be cultivated in every possible way. Give them plenty of clover blossoms, field daisies and the common flowers which are not poisonous, and let them trim their carriages or little carts with them. Give them clean peach baskets or strawberry boxes to fill with flowers. Nothing will delight them more than a few hours spent in the woods, and being allowed to pick up acorns the lovely green moss and other curious and attractive playthings. This will open a new world to them.

A large clean sand-pile affords no end of amusement for children, and should be found in every back yard. It is a favorite resort with most little folks. Some children enjoy putting colored pegs into holes made for that purpose in a square or round board. Many lessons are learned by playing with building blocks, but they should be of the simplest kind for young children. As they grow older give them cubes and squares that are composed of smaller blocks to take to pieces and put together. Sliced animals and other simple puzzles that are made of blocks can also be used later on.

If children can be taught early in life to pick up their own playthings when through with them, one very important lesson of life will have been learned.—Carrie May Ashton, in 'Trained Motherhood.'

Home-Making.

There is an ocean of difference between housekeeping and home-making. One is a business, the other is an art. Many women make great success in the business who fail abolutely in the art. Their houses are perfectly kept. Every department is run with care and exactness. There is never a failure to meet demand; but it is not a home.

A home exists for the comfort, happiness, and health of the family. There is no department of housekeeping that is not made to yield to the needs of any member. There is never a crisis of temper if a meal is late or the convenience of a member demands a change in the hour. A few minutes—yes, even a number of minutes—spent in kindly converse in the morning, the call of a friend, or the sudden desire for an hour's outing, never seems to the home-maker a violation of the moral code. Dust does not cause a nightmare, or disorder a display which love and charity agree to call nervousness. Not things, but souls, are the objects of a home-maker's care. She values peace more than system, happiness more than regularity, content more than work accomplished. Yet, with it all, her house, when she touches perfection is the essence of regularity, order and quiet. It is this that makes home-making an art. And she alone is a home-maker who has a true sense of proportion.—'The Outlook.'

Short Rules for Long Comforts at Home.

Put self last.

Be prompt at every meal.

Take little annoyances out of the way.

When good comes to any one, rejoice.

When any one suffers, speak a word of sympathy.

Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

Never interrupt any conversation, but watch patiently your turn to speak.

Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the snow and mud from your feet on entering the house.

Always speak politely and kindly to servants.

When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself, 'Have I never done an ill and desired forgiveness?'—'Soldier and Servant.'

Hints For Nurses.

Sick people don't like to be stared at. They are morbidly sensitive. To look surprised at the change sickness has wrought is annoying, and, worse than that, it is disheartening, and makes invalids imagine their case to be worse than it is. Therefore, don't stare at a sick person. And don't stand at the back of the bed, to make him turn his eyes round to see you. Always sit by the bedside, for the patient feels more at rest than if you stand up tall before him. And don't whisper; don't talk in a low voice; don't follow the doctor or a caller out into the next room. The invalid will be absolutely certain that you are discussing him. Don't wear garments that rustle or are made of rough cloth, to come in contact wtih hands made tender by sickness, and don't wear creaking boots or thick-soled boots. — Hall's 'Journal of Health.'

Single Beds for Children.

Too much stress can hardly be laid upon the advantage of single beds for children. One of the great drawbacks at summer boarding places, for adults as well as children, is the difficulty of securing sleeping places by one's self. Few care to occupy the same bed with another person, and architects of public houses who recognize this preference will find ready patronage. Two small rooms communicating with each other are far more agreeable to most people than a single spacious chamber furnished with a double bed. The objections to the latter are enhanced in summer when the habit of a daily nap is, wisely, generally observed.—'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Macaroni a la Viennoise is not difficult of preparation. Required:—Half a pound of Naples macaroni, one ounce of butter, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, salt and pepper, one gill of cream, and two eggs. Break the macaroni into pieces about three inches long. Put them into boiling salted water, and cook gently till tender. Probably it will take about three-quarters of an hour. Drain off all the water. Melt the butter in a pan; then add the parsley, pepper and salt; heat the macaroni in this. Beat up the yolks of two eggs and add them to the cream; now add this to the macaroni, reheat it, but on no account let it boil, or the eggs will curdle. Turn on to a hot dish. Quickly arrange round the edge little heaps of capers cut in halves, and potatoes cut into small dice, and fried a golden-brown. The broad ribbon macaroni can be used if liked. Tinned olives are nice for a change, instead of the capers.

Chicken Pie.—(This recipe is over fifty years old, and is sufficient for twelve persons.) Singe, clean and disjoint two or three nice chickens. Cover them with boiling water and parboil until tender. Take the meat from the bones, mash the livers and hearts and add them to the gravy. Line a deep earthen pudding-dish with puff paste and place in it the chicken meat which should be cold; sprinkle over with pepper, salt, a dust of flour and a teacupful of butter, dividing the butter among the layers. Pour in as much of the thickened broth as the dish will hold. Put over the top crust; cut a gash in the middle and bake it in a brisk though not over-hot oven, covering the paste with paper until the pie is nearly done. Oysters mixed with the chicken make a fine pie.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Fruit Cake.—Instructions for the manufacture of fruit cake can be had in plenty, but the distinctive feature of this particular cake is, that it requires no eggs. The recipe is 'strictly guranteed,' as the donor of it has been using it for years, and the writer has partaken thereof not infrequently. Three pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, two pounds of sugar, three pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, quarter of a pound of lemon peel, quarter of a pound of orange peel, one ounce each of baking soda and cream of tartar, two ounces of cinnamon, two nutmegs, one and a half pints of milk; let it rise half an hour and bake slowly. This makes a good Christmas or wedding cake, and will last a year or more—if you do not eat it before that.

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'